

His face was of a deadly pale; his jaws overhung, but not so much as I had heard; his lips thin, but partially curled, so as to give to his mouth an inexpressible sweetness. He had the habit of retracting the lips, and apparently chewing, in the manner observed and objected to in our great actor, Mr. Kean. His hair was of a dark dusky brown, scattered thinly over his temples: the crown of his head was bald. One of the names of affection given him of late by his soldiers is "*Notre petit tondu*." He was not fat in the upper part of his body, but projected considerably in the abdomen, so much so that his shirt occasionally appeared beneath his waistcoat. He generally stood with his hands knit behind or folded before him, but sometimes unfolded them; played with his nose, took snuff three or four times, and looked at his watch. He very seldom spoke, but when he did, smiled somewhat agreeably. He looked about him, not knitting but joining his eyebrows as if to see more minutely, and went through the whole tedious ceremony with an air of sedate impatience. As the front columns of each regiment passed him he lifted the first finger of his left hand quickly to his hat to return the salute, but did not move either his hat or his head. As the regiments advanced they shouted, some loudly, some feebly, "Vive l'Empereur!" and many soldiers ran out of their ranks with petitions, which were taken by the grenadier on the Emperor's left hand: once or twice the petitioner, afraid to quit his rank, was near losing his opportunity, when Napoleon beckoned to the grenadier to step forward and take his paper. A little child, in true French taste, tricked out in regimentals, marched before one of the bands, and a general laugh ensued. Napoleon contrived to talk to some one behind him at that moment that the ridicule might not reach nor be partaken by him. A second child, however, of six years old perhaps, dressed out with a beard like a pioneer, marching in front of a regiment, strode directly up to him with a petition on the end of a battle-axe, which the Emperor took and read very complacently. Shortly afterwards an ill-looking fellow, in a half suit of regimentals, with a sword by his side, ran from the crowd of spectators opposite or from amidst the National Guards, I could not see which, and rushed directly towards the Emperor. He was within arm's-length when the grenadier on the left and an officer jumped forwards, and seizing him by the collar pushed him farther back. Napoleon did not move a muscle of his body; not a line, not a shade of his face shifted for an instant. Perfectly unstartled, he beckoned the soldiers to let loose their prisoner; and the poor fellow, approaching so close as almost to touch his person in front, talked to him for some time with eager gestures and his hand on his heart. The Emperor heard him without interruption, and then gave him an answer, which sent him away apparently much satisfied with his audience. I see Napoleon at this moment. The unruffled calmness of his countenance at the first movement of the soldier, relaxing softly into a look of attention and of kindness, will never be erased from my memory.

During the review, hearing a movement amongst Mis staff, he turned